



INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW
NISSAN VERSA

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HEROES

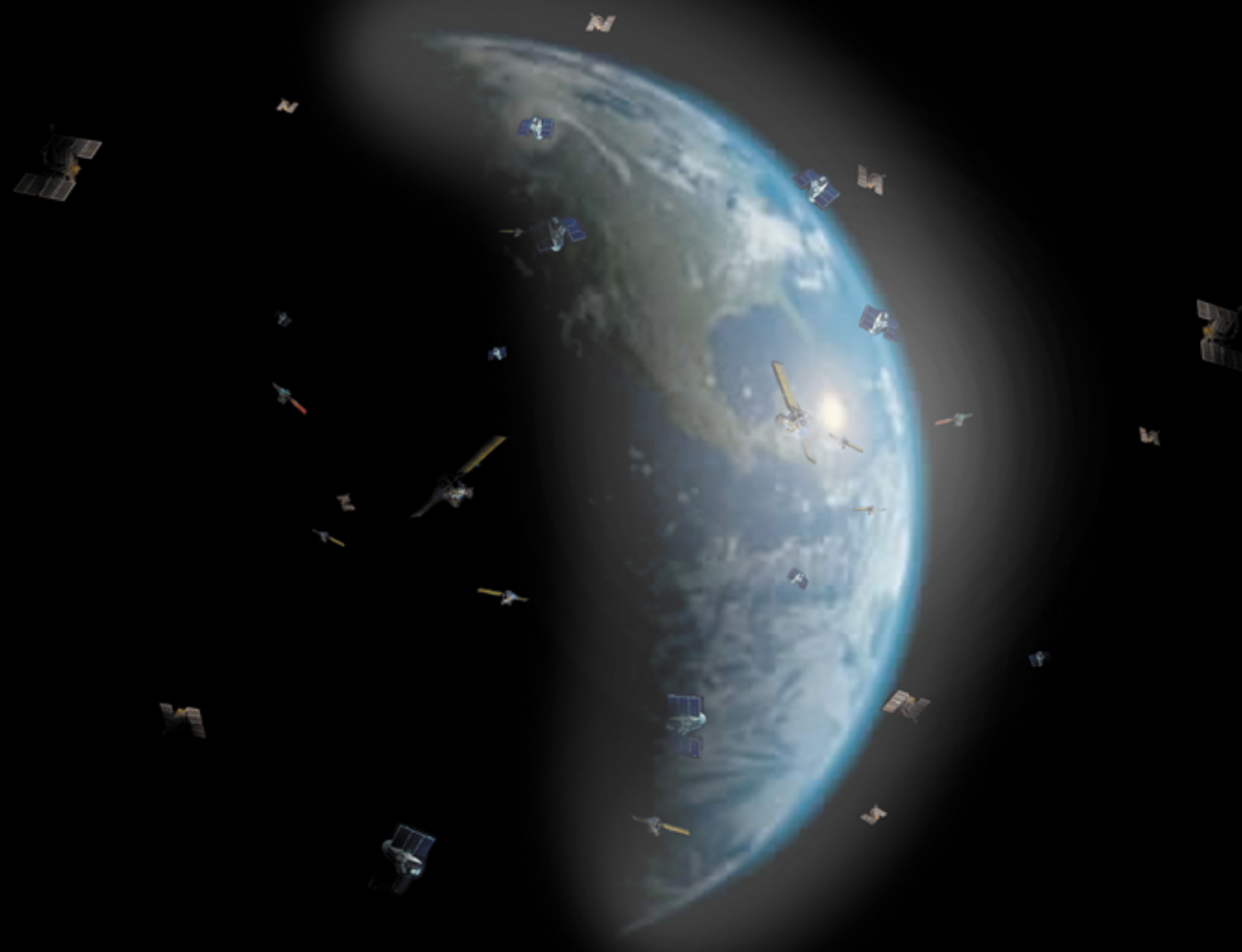
CHAPTER 33

THE DEATH OF HANA GITELMAN

Part 1 of 2

Hana Gitelman has fought all her life. In most of her battles, there was a clear distinction between friend and foe. But the man in horned-rimmed glasses has always proven to be the exception. Once her mentor, he betrayed her, fooled her into doing his dirty work. Against her better judgment, she has taken up his cause again. But as she delved deeper into her assignments, she found only more reasons to question their uneasy alliance...

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL
I IMAGINED HEAVEN WAS
FILLED WITH CLOUDS AND
ANGELS WITH BEAUTIFUL
FEATHERED WINGS.



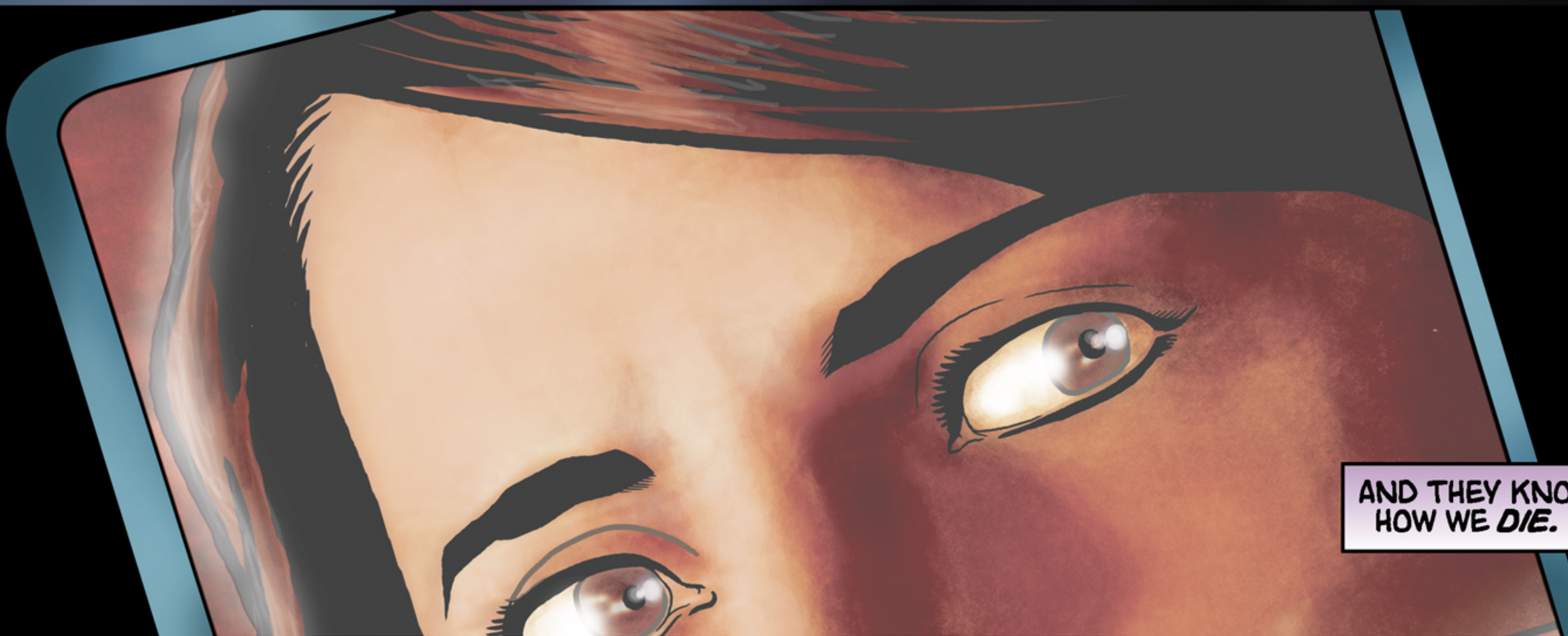
THE HEAVENS ARE FILLED
WITH MECHANICAL ANGELS --
SATELLITES.
THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS
OF SATELLITES.



AND LIKE ANGELS --
THEY WATCH OVER US.
THEY SEE EVERYTHING WE DO.
EVERY CALL WE MAKE.
EVERY E-MAIL WE WRITE.
THEY KNOW HOW WE LIVE.



AND THEY KNOW
HOW WE **DIE.**





THIS /SN'T HOW I
EXPECTED TO DIE.

THE DEATH OF HANA GITTELMAN

ARON ELI
COLEITE
Story

JASON
BADOWER
Art & Color
COMICRAFT
Lettering
An
ASPEN MLT INC.
Production

Part
1



NOTHING IS WHAT I EVER EXPECTED.

THREE DAYS AGO. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TEXAS AND NEW YORK.

HANA.



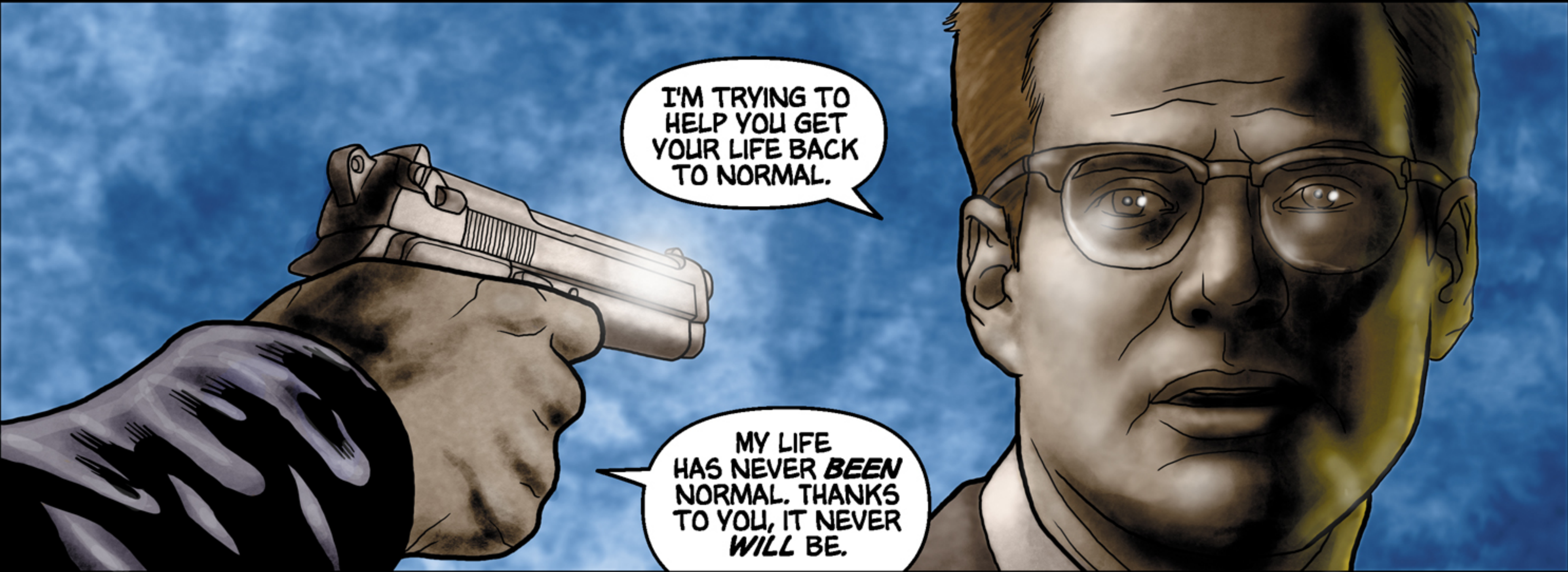
I WASN'T SURE IF YOU GOT MY MESSAGE. WE NEED TO TALK.



I DIDN'T WANT TO. I'M GETTING A LITTLE SICK OF FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS. I MEAN, HOW CAN WE TRUST YOUR *ENDGAME*?

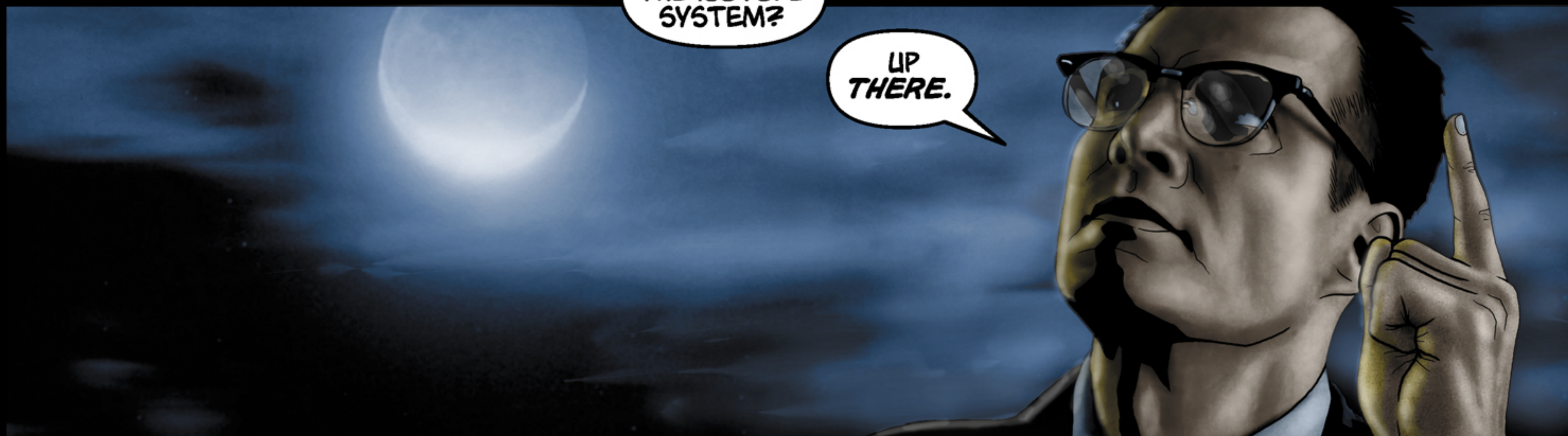
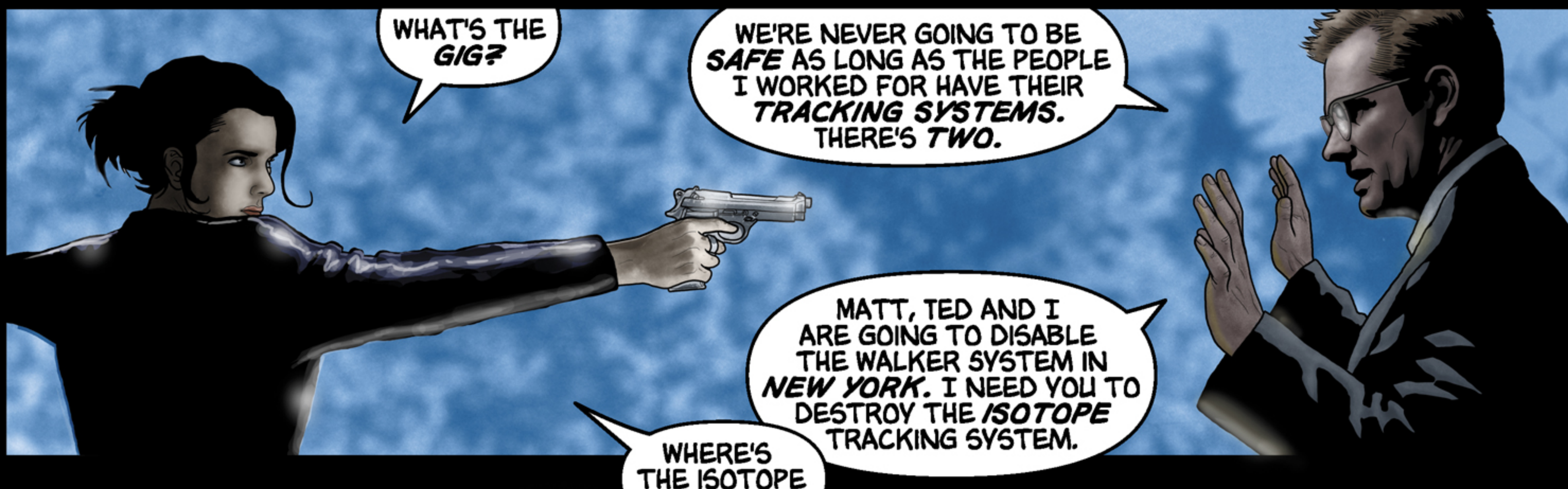


BENNET HAS US ALL WRAPPED AROUND HIS LITTLE FINGER. JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS. DOING YOUR *DIRTY* WORK.



I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU GET YOUR LIFE BACK TO NORMAL.

MY LIFE HAS NEVER *BEEN* NORMAL. THANKS TO YOU, IT NEVER *WILL* BE.



LAST YEAR. NEAR THE
TOP OF THE WORLD.

I'M
GOING TO
DIE.

I THOUGHT
YOU *ISRAELIS*
WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE *TOUGH*.

TREK ME
THROUGH THE
DESERT WITH A
FULL PACK AND A
HALF RATION OF
WATER AND I'D
BE *FINE*, BUT
THIS...

...*NO ONE*
CAN SURVIVE
HERE.

I DON'T
FEEL SO
GOOD.

IT'S NOT YOUR BODY.
YOU'RE IN PERFECT
PHYSICAL CONDITION.
IT'S YOUR *ABILITY*.

UP HERE,
ALL THE SATELLITE
COMMUNICATIONS. ALL THE
EMAILS. THEY BUZZ AROUND
LIKE FLIES -- AND *YOU'RE*
THE FLY PAPER.

IT'S *TOO MUCH*.
MAKE IT *STOP*.

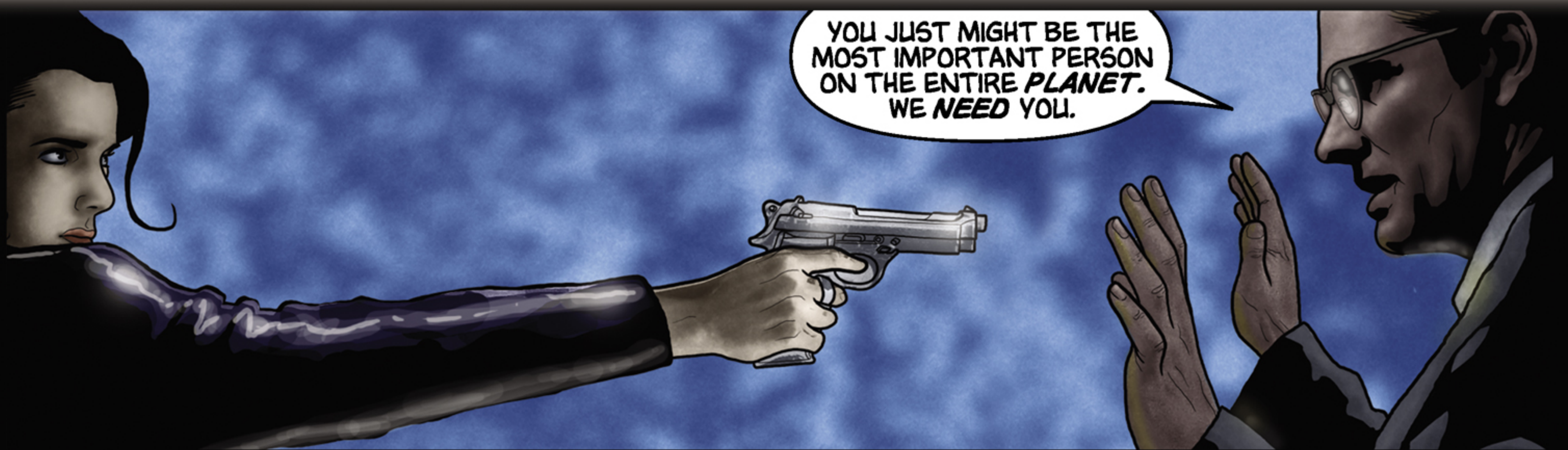
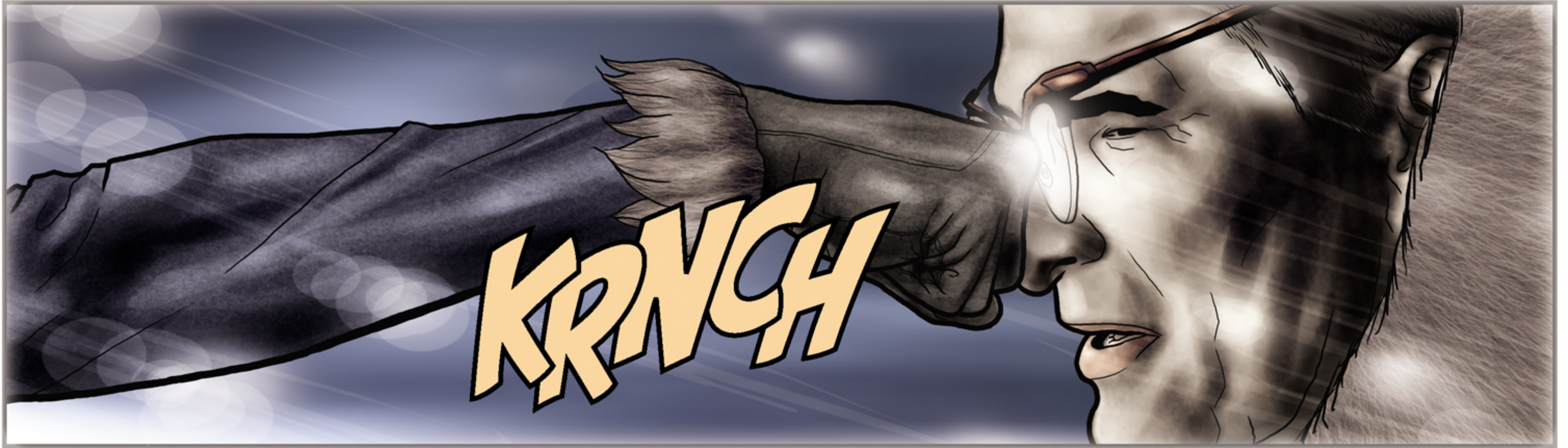
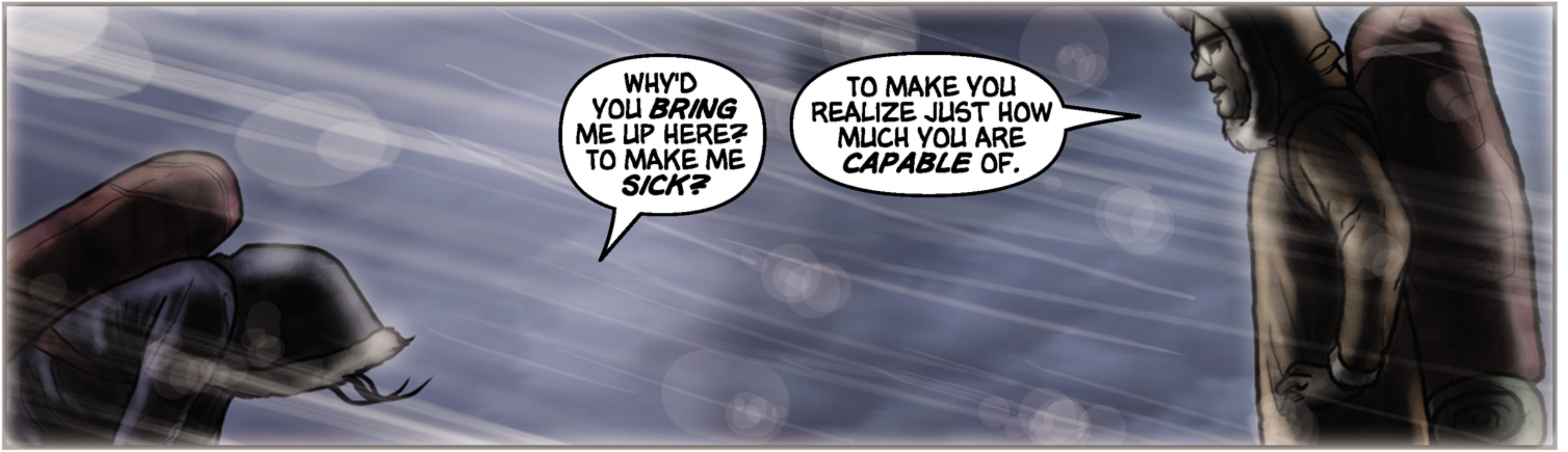
NOT
POSSIBLE.
YOU HAVE TO
CONTAIN
IT.

I CAN'T.
I...

ACCORDING TO NEWS REPORTS THAT DAY, MANY CELL PHONES AND E-MAIL PROVIDERS SAID THE TEMPORARY *GLITCH* IN SERVICE WAS DUE TO *MAGNETIC ACTIVITY*.

I KNEW IT WAS
BECAUSE OF *ME*.









ONCE BENNET SENT ME THE SPECS ON THE SATELLITE, I **HEARD** IT -- FAINTLY WHISPERING.

IT WAS **ENCRYPTED**. IT WAS LOUSY WITH SECURITY, PASSWORDS AND FIREWALLS.



I HAD TO GO WHERE I COULD **TALK** TO IT.

WHERE I COULD BYPASS THE **SECURITY**.



LIKE THE ARTIC TUNDRA, THERE ARE PLACES WHERE COMMUNICATIONS ARE **EASIER**.




AND I HAD TO MAKE SURE THAT THIS SATELLITE HEARD MY ORDERS **LOUD AND CLEAR**.




AND FOR **THAT**, I'D TRAVEL AS **FAR** AS I WOULD NEED TO GO...

I'M GLAD TO SEE MY
RIDE HASN'T LEFT
WITHOUT ME.





I CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M ACTUALLY
GOING TO *DO* THIS.



ONLY ONE
PROBLEM.



BETTER MAKE THAT
FIVE PROBLEMS.

THIS IS *NOT* HOW I
EXPECTED TO DIE.

To Be **CONTINUED...**